

JEWELS  
OF  
INGENVITY,  
Set in a  
CORONET  
OF  
POETRY.

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By the Industry of T. F.

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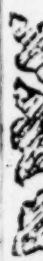
*Cormina qui facimus, mittamus Carmina tantum.  
Nam Chorus ante alios aptus Amore sumus,  
Ovid. de Art. Amand, lib. I.*

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To the most absolute Lover of  
Arts and Ingenuity,  
The worthily honoured,

Matthew Gilley Esq

Most honoured Sir,



When you shall make a review of your own Merits, and peruse with pausing Curiosity these Poetical imperfections, my fears are that you will condemn my confidence, but my hopes are as great that you will commend my prudence from whence I extract this presumption, that though all Criticks should comply to cry down my wit in Composing my Poems, they shall applaud my judgment in the choice of my Patron.

Sir, Your own deservings declare you to be no less then a Palace of Honour, if these Poems, like a Vine or Woodbine may support themselves upon Your Edifice, they may by this fortunate transplantation grow more fragrant, and grati-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*For Your Indulgence. Sir, in one Word, Your Candor hath compeld me to make these Poetical Adresses, if any thing in them may either provoke Your praise or pardon, I shall congratulate that happy means which (through this martial mist of violence and ignorance) hath safely conducted me to so splendid a Sphere of Love and Ingenuity, and be alwaies studious to deserve (what I have been ever ambitious to desire) a seat in Your memory, and liberty to subscribe*

Sir, the humblest of all Your

Servants, and the devoutest of

Your honourers

T. F.



*An Acrostical Encomium,*  
*Composed on the Noble Name, and*  
*Heroick Nature of Sir FRANCIS*  
*ENGLEFIELD, Baronet.*

F ame (in the noblest sence) whose wandring wings  
R enown the Actions of Triumphant Kings :  
A ll this year is at leisure to set forth,  
N o other Excellency, but your worth  
C ould I court every Muse, and should I be  
I nspir'd with all Poetick Mystery ;  
S hould I rich Jems from every Science pick

E nglefield's name would teach new Rhetorick,  
N othing can be said, read, or understood,  
G reat Sir, but what your merits can make good ,  
L ove is your constitution, and you fit,  
E very action to the rules of Wit :  
F idelity and Honour both comply,  
I n consort, to compleat your gallantry ;  
E very favour in your Gifts or Letters ,  
L eaves the Receiver bound in Golden Fetters :  
D on, Johnson, Fletcher, and (your name-fake) Francis

B eaumont in you might find new Theams for Fancies  
A rts are your Privy Councel : He doth know  
R eason enough, that hath but studied you :  
O ne of your lowest, single vertues, would  
N obilitate a Clown, and change his bloud :  
E nglefield's honour shall nere leave his name,  
T ill England and the World meet in one flame.

## *An Acrostick,*

*Consecrated to the renowned name of the most  
Youthfull, Beautifull, Virtuouse, and  
truly Honourable,*

*The Lady CECILIA ARUNDELL,  
Daughter to the Right Honourable, the Lord  
Arundell of Warder.*

Could I contain all Languages, and be  
A Prelate in the Art of Poetry :  
Eminent Lady! I should scarce inherit  
Rhetorick enough to write your meanest merit :  
C herubims tongues, are fittest to relate,  
Virtues (like yours) which none can imitate :  
I f I should call you beautiful and wise,  
Noble, chaste, merciful, and say your Eyes  
Lend lustre to the day, they'd think I do  
Dissemble though all these come short of you :  
I f I should say but what your virtues be,  
Every *Truth* would look like *Flattery* ;  
A s men that round about the World have been,  
L ive mute, and dare not tell what they have seen.  
L ady you are a Jewel to be set  
In a true Heart, the noblest Coronet.

## MUSICK

*Anagram.*

CUM KIS.

Ther's harmony in Love, I know by this,  
The Anagram of *Musick*, is CUM KIS.

*Three*

## POEMS.

### *Three Marriage Songs.*

*The first at their going to the Temple.*

I.

Now our bright joy 'gins to appear,  
And the white Boy *Cupid* comes near :  
Unto *Juno's* Altar we run,  
Where you know what's to be done  
Bright *Hymen* in glory before them doth go,  
In season with reason to make one of two.

II.

May you never meet with those woes  
Which may sever your hands when they close ;  
May blisses fall from above,  
And kisses keep you in love :  
May all you can wish, or good Heaven can give,  
Present ye with Plenty so long as you live.

### *Second Song at Dinner.*

I.

Now the Board is filled with Plenty,  
And the Wine runs round the room ;  
Eat and drink what *Jove* hath sent ye,  
Joy like this doth feldome come.

II.

Fill us off the sprightly Claret,  
And let every one beside  
Drink it free, and roundly share it  
To the Bridegroom and the Bride.

III.

Now me thinks the roof is reeling,  
And the very sky looks blew,

Every



## POEMS.

Every Virgin hath a feeling,  
What the Bride must undergo,  
Every Lady would be willing,  
But to do as she must do.

### *The third Song at their preparation to Bed.*

Welcome gentle night  
Thou bring'it all delight,  
When thy sable Curtain spreads  
Upon the melting mirth of marriage Beds.  
Here those joys are free,  
Which no eye may see  
But the Bridegroom and the Bride,  
Between the twilight and the morning-tide  
In *Cypids* Bushes,  
They hide their Blushes.  
This Battel breeds no scar,  
Such fights as these  
Did sweetly please,  
The Queen of Pleasure, and the God of War.  
When this is doing,  
There ends the Wooing,  
I will no further pry  
What more I know,  
I dare not show,  
Each Lover here can tell as well as I.



## POEMS.

*On three Gentlemen that did accidentally meet in a Tavern,  
all black men, and every mans name  
John Crow.*

**T**hree (birds by accident) all met together  
That never met before, *Birds of a feather* :  
All of a *Name* too, if you did but call  
Gently upon *John Crow*, ye nam'd them all.  
**A** Trinity of Crows, a very riddle,  
*John Crow* is *first*, and *last* and in the *middle* :  
*John Crow* doth wear six legs, six hands, three faces,  
And (at one time) is in three several places :  
Yet in the royal and more noble part,  
They were but one (*videlicet*) one heart ;  
Such as did all rebellious birds detest,  
And paid true homage to the Eagles nest.  
These Crows do roost in Churches, and could nere  
Endure the Rooks that built at *Westminster*.  
No City Ravens, nor old country Dawes,  
That flutterd and cry'd out the Cause, the Cause ;  
But in a word, to have the the truth exprest,  
They are three birds, that scorn to foul their nest,  
Nor need they fear cold in the sharpest weather,  
If every late pluckt bird, own had his feather.

*Orthography.*

**H**OW can such men be innocent that spell  
Reason with **T**. and write God with an **L**.



*An*

# POEMS.

*An Acrostick on the Names of Mr. TIMOTHY STEEVENSON,  
and Mr. FRANCIS JORDAN.*

**T** rue hearts united under-neath one roof,  
 Excludes all ill, and makes them mischief-proo.  
**I** n union, all sorts of Virtues are:  
 Love is the bond of Peace, and strength of Wa  
**M** ars must use Love, as well as Martial Law,  
 If ever *England* gain *Americ*  
**O** rder, guide all your consultations, then  
 Zealous affection makes ye happy me  
**T** he World is false, the Bonds of friendship crack,  
 And Amity her self is on the Ra  
**H** ow happy then, are those few friends that be  
 Bound to each other in Fidelit  
**Y** ou two are such, may all that Love profess  
 Expresse their hearts towards you to be no les  
**S** incerity and Secresie comply,  
 To keep your firm and lasting Amit  
**T** he greatest strength, *division* hath brought low  
 Heaven wer't not for Union would be f  
**E** mperours, Kings, Princes, all Powers that are,  
 Totter to pieces in a Civil Wa  
**E** nvy doth then grow fat, when she can tread  
 Upon the Limbs of a divided hea  
**V** se but these Contemplations, and you may  
 Count your selves richer then all Affric  
**E** xcuse my rugged Counsel, you are Men  
 Know better guides to lead you, then my Pe  
**N** othing that may disturb your Peace appear,  
**S** uspicion-like, to put your thoughts in fear:  
**O** ne bond contain ye, and may false misprision  
**N** ever have any power to work division:  
 Hearts (like the Flint and Steel) each other strike,  
 And Need Not Err, But Each Doth Each Love Like:  
 They Love for Love, that's a true Lovers action,  
 Such as the *Cause* is, such the *Satisfaction*.

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POEMS.

*A Panigerick*

Composed on the meritorious Name of the  
most accomplished

Mr. *GEORGE SLAUGHTER.*

Greatness and goodness that but seldom do  
Enter into one man, are both in you;  
One single heart, at one time doth inherit  
(Rightfully to) one great, and one good spirit:  
Graceful in all your actions, you are what  
Every gallant man should imitate.

Slaughter and Mercy in one Man agree,  
Love mixt with strength, valour with curtesie:  
And may you nere be thought a Ladies friend  
Unless you use them to a noble end:  
Go forth and prosper, may you alwayes be  
Happy in Love; and in Hostilitie.  
Truth guide your *will*, Reality your *thought*,  
Errors in *Love* and *Loyalty* are naught:  
Return victorious, and may nothing prove  
Repugnant to your Valour and your Love

*On Love.*

He that endures the rack of Loves desire  
Doth fry in frost, and he doth freeze in fire.

*On Womens Love.*

In these extremities most Women move, (love  
Rack where they hate, and cloy men where they

*On*



# POEMS.

*On a little Gentleman and one Mr. Story that  
quarrelld in the street.*

**T**He little man, by tother mans vain-glory,  
It seems was roughly us'd, so saies the Story.  
But being a little heated, and high blown  
In anger, flies on Story, plucks him down:  
And when they rise, I know not how it fated,  
One got the worst, the *Story* was translated  
From white to red, but ere the fight was ended  
It seemes a Gentleman that one befriended  
Came in and parted them. The little blade  
Ther's no man could desire or yet perswade  
But he would fight still, till another came  
And with perswasions counsel'd 'gninst the same.  
'Twas in this manner, friend you shall not fight  
With one that's so unequal to your height,  
*Story* is *tall*, the tother made reply,  
I'de pluck him down were he *three stories high*.

*On Ben. Johnson and a Country man.*

**B***En. Johnson* in a Tavern once began,  
Rudely to talk to a plain Country man.  
And thus it was, Thou dull laborious Moyle  
That I beleewe wert made for nought but toyle;  
For every *Acre* of thy *Land* I have  
Twenty of wit: Such *Acres* Sir, are brave,  
Replied the *Country man*: What great Mistakers,  
Have we been of your wealth, *Mr. Wise Acres*.



POEMS.

*A POEM COMMENDATORY,  
To the incomparable Pattern of inimitable  
Perfection,*

Mrs. ELIANOR ENGLEFIELD

*Sister unto the justly honoured,  
Sir Francis Englefield, Baronet.*

*Madam,*

**Y**our Merit at this minute raises  
My Pen to paint the Picture of your Praises ;  
And 'tis most fit some good hand should hold forth ,  
Their virtues who are modest in their worth ;  
For he whose wary eys shal look upon  
Your features with examination ,  
May easily discern as many charms  
As theirs that are lock'd in great Princes Arms :  
I do not say your Eys are Stars, or that  
Your Lip and Cheek are to be wondred at ;  
Nor that your Alabaster Brow and Breast ,  
Out-shine the Snow, out-scent the Phoenix nest :  
But that in every part of you doth move ,  
Something for every one to fall in Love :  
That man which would all female feature view ,  
Hath lost his eyes that finds it not in you :  
Love leads you by the hand, and your fair youth,  
Knows nothing but what's relative to truth :  
Imperial innocence in either eye,  
Declares whole volumes of divinity :  
Such looks as yours would make a Poet grow  
Fluent and chaste but love in Folio :

Arts

# POEMS.

Arts are your honourers, the *Wife* do sip  
 Sententious sweetnesse from your sacred Lip :  
 Beauty and Grace, the onely perfect path  
 Of Love and Honour your perfection hath :  
 Excuse my language, Madam, for your high  
 Deservings are above all flattery :  
 Truth fills me with these praises, you excel  
 In merit more then I can write or tell :  
 Heaven inspire you, may the crowned crue  
 Of Cherubims for ever wait on you ;  
 Faith fills your frame it shews where ere you pass  
 Transparent as a Lilly clos'd in Glass :  
 Opinions not your rule, what ere you see,  
 Is through the Opticks of pure Piety :  
 Wisdome with true Religion is your Law,  
 And kept like the Decrees in *Persia*,  
 Knowing no alteration : May the bright  
 Beams of eternal glory be your light ;  
 Eternal joys dwell with you : May you do  
 Nothing but what your Maker prompts you to :  
 Noble intentions, guide your thoughts, and may  
 No evill meet you till your Funeral day :  
 As you are blest with Beauty, so may you  
 Be faithfull where you find a Servant true :  
 Love is a Princely Passion, if it be  
 Accommodated with Fidelity :  
 Constancy Crowns all Union, if that Virtue  
 Knit a firm knot, falshood can never hurt you.  
 Excuse these rude expressions, what I do  
 Madam ! your fair deserts invite me to.

## POEMS.

### *An Elegy and Epitaph,*

*Sacred to the immortal memory of that deplored, and  
unparallel'd Lady,*

*The Lady MARY ROPER.*

*Lately a Loyal Wife to the Right Honourable CHRISTOPHER  
Lord ROPER, Baron of Tenham, and Sister to the Worshipfull,  
Sir FRANCIS ENGLEFIELD, Baronet.*

*Who in her prime of Youth, Beauty, and Virtue, Cancel'd  
the Bonds of her Creation, by exchanging this  
Temporal Life, for Eternal Felicity.*

### *The Elegy.*

**T**AKE heed good Reader, for unlesse thy eyes  
Are fitted to become a Sacrifice,  
This is no Object for thy sight: We have  
Emptied a Sea of Sorrow in one Grave:  
She is deceas'd in whose bright Soul did move,  
All that good men admire and Angels love;  
To whose bright eyes more lustre did resort,  
Then would illuminate a Princes Court:  
Whose Beauty, though in yon Celestial Sphere,  
Cannot, be sure, much brighter then 'twas here:  
Fair as unshaded light, or as the day  
In its first birth, when all the year was *May*;  
Sweet as the Altars smoak when as it flies,  
In zeal from an accepted Sacrifice;  
Fragrant as Beds of Roses, or the blew  
Violet whose veins swel with the morning dew.

Kind



## P O E M S.

Kind as the willing Saints and chaster far  
 Then in their Prayers forgiven Hermits are :  
 In brief, she had whatever was call'd good  
 That wore the interest of flesh and blood ;  
 You'd say (had you this beauty look'd upon)  
 The Soul had then her best apparel on.

Reader, I see thy Tears begin to fall,  
 Therefore this brevity shall shut up all ;  
 For fear thou flow from hence (in a Spring-tide)  
 To Heaven to be further satisfi'de :  
 Yet ere thou dri'st thy eyes, prithee vouchsafe  
 With reverend care to read her Epitaph.

### *The Epitaph.*

**H**ere grows a Plant, whose fertile root doth even  
 Extend its branches to the height of Heaven :  
 So sweet a flower it bears for sight and touch;  
 That God's own Garden, is compos'd of such :  
*Eden* was beautifull, but this bright Stem  
 Reaches the Walls of new *Jerusalem* ;  
 Chaplets of such sweet Flowers transplanted there  
 Redeemed Saints, and mighty Martyrs were :  
 Arch-Angels sing to see her second birth,  
 Yield such occasion to advance their mirth :  
 Farewell fair innocent, may every Reader  
 Onely desire to follow such a Leader :  
 Rest in thy joy, whilest we with many a tear,  
 Do grieve cause thou art gone, and we are here.

## F I N I S.



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